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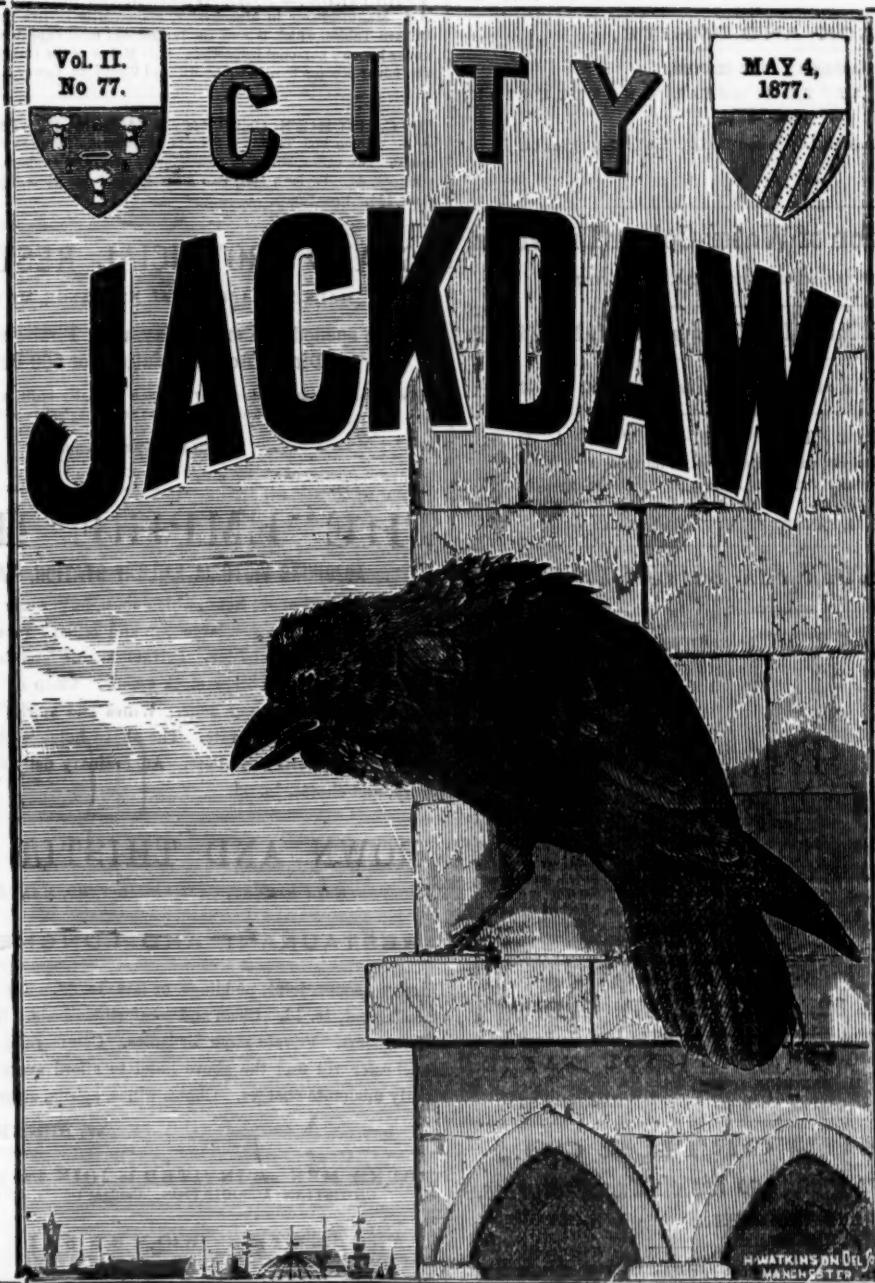
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Monograms or any
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CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. SILVER and ELECTRO-SILVER.

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DEANSGATE.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,
88 & 90, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

SPECTACLES CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO ALL DEFECTS OF VISION. ARTIFICIAL EYES CAREFULLY FITTED.

Publishing Office, Market-street Chambers, 73a, Market-street, Manchester.

Price One Penny.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

BETHESDA.

MR. EDWIN LONG'S GREAT PICTURE, THE POOL OF BETHESDA,

NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS' Gallerie, 14, Exchange-street.

Admission by address card. Open from 10 till 5.

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART IN

BLACK AND WHITE.

Arranged by W. E. HAMER,

IS NOW OPEN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,
Mosley-street.

Hours: 10 to 5. Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 2s. 6d.; Catalogues, 6d.

Spring Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings,

OPEN FROM TEN TILL DUSK; SATURDAYS, TEN TO THREE.

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Admission (including catalogue), 1s.; season ticket, 2s. 6d.

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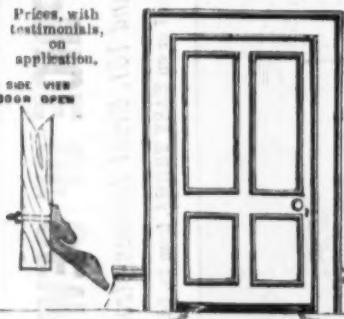
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Oleographs Engravings Chromo Prints Oil Paintings Photographs
Chromos Aquagraphics Cut Flowers Water-colour Drawings Picture Frames, etc.
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DRAUGHT EXCLUDER FOR BOTTOM OF DOORS.

Prices, with
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SEE VIEW
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USUAL SPACE ADMITTING DRAUGHTS DUST & RAIN

Can be applied to any door in a few minutes, and (important to tenants), can be removed as quickly, without injury to the door or framework.

SMITH SLATER, 32, GREAVES-ST., OLDHAM.

T. STENSBY, GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,
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Established 1810.

Established 1810.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,
Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers,
AND IMPORTERS.

NEW PREMISES CORNER OF HIGH-STREET & THOMAS-STREET, SHUDEHILL.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.: Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.: Gold and Silver Watches; 9, 15, and 18 carat hall-marked Alberts; and a general stock to suit the requirements of the trade.

John Ashworth & Co., Thomas-st. and High-st., Manchester.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

Have the largest assortment of Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, suitable for presentation. Every description of Jewellery, 15 and 18 carat Government stamp. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate, from the very best makers.

HIGH-STREET AND THOMAS-STREET, MANCHESTER.

BILLIARDS!—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King-street, Manchester.

M.C.RITCHIE'S CENTRAL STATION RESTAURANT, corner of Albion and Trumpet Streets, Gathorn. Dinners from 6d. Soups always ready. Tea, coffee, chops, or steaks, any hour. Hot suppers. Sausage, with mashed potatoes, 4d. Taylor's ale, two glasses, 2½d.; one glass, 1d. Guinness's stout, per glass, 1d. Free lunch.

GRAND PROVINCIAL RESTAURANT,

MARKET PLACE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

Will be opened on the 8th May, with First-class Luncheon and Dining Accommodation for 500 Persons.

These commanding premises having been specially built, are provided with every convenience and comfort that experience can suggest.

"Locus Multarum Deliciarum."

J. CAVARGNA.

THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms *en suite*. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality. All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1 20—soup, joint, pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

CROWN AND THISTLE HOTEL,

HALF-STREET, CATHEDRAL YARD, MANCHESTER.

RESTAURANT AND LUNCHEON BAR.

Dinners—soups, joint, puddings, or tart, 1s. 6d. Tea—with chop, steak, or cold meat, 1s. 4d. Clean and comfortable beds. Billiard, smoke, and coffee rooms. Private room for ladies. Commercial gentlemen visiting Manchester will find the above hotel to afford every accommodation at strictly moderate charges. Choice wines, spirits, cigars, &c.

W. BENNETT, Proprietor.

YOUNG MEN are INVITED to JOIN the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. Central Offices, PETER-STREET.

MANCHESTER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS AND YOUNG LADIES ENGAGED IN BUSINESS.

REGISTER OFFICE REMOVED to 107a, MARKET-STREET; hours from 12 to 4; Saturdays, 11 to 1. Classes opened, and lodgings may be obtained, at Windsor House, 94, Bloomsbury, Oxford Road. Singing class, Monday, 8 to 9, conducted by Miss POOLE. French class, Friday, 8 15 to 9 15, conducted by Mlle. BLANCHARD. Music lessons, Saturday afternoons, by Miss Poole. Bible class, Sunday and Thursday, open to members and friends. Classes for grammar, bookkeeping, history, etc., as soon as sufficient names are enrolled.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 77.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR PUBLIC MEN.

No. XIV.—MR. COUNCILLOR P. GOLDSCHMIDT.

MORE than a third of a century ago there resided in a small German town a young clerk in a merchant's office, who from the daily drudgery of the employment was patiently, and perhaps unconsciously, learning how to be a financier. This was Councillor P. Goldschmidt, of Manchester, the subject of this sketch. After business hours this young clerk, and future Public Man of Manchester, used to give lessons in arithmetic and grammar to German boys a little younger, and possibly less earnest, than himself. It was not for pleasure that he did this, as it is hardly necessary to say. Teaching arithmetic is not a pleasant occupation, and it is to be supposed that at that time the systems of German coinage, and weights and measures, must have been even much more complicated than they are at present, and that if young Goldschmidt's pupils got beyond the simple rules there must have been some difficulty in drumming into their skulls the different methods of manipulating groschen, good groschen, silber groschen, and the rest of it. Most men who succeed in life have to go through some discipline of this kind, though it is seldom of their own seeking. To some young fellows it comes of their own folly; to others, but seldom, from sheer adversity; to others, again, from a steadfast sense of duty, with perhaps a little adversity combined. The latter case was that of young Goldschmidt, who learned at the age of thirteen that his widowed mother was in such a position that she could not afford to send him to university to pursue the study of mathematics, for which he had a natural bent and inclination. It is quite possible that our embryo Manchester financier and philanthropist (in the kindest sense of the term) might, under different conditions of life, have developed into a great German astronomer instead of becoming, as he is to-day, the financial backbone of our municipal parliament, and without fee or reward the determined inspector of nuisances at the Manchester Infirmary. At all events, it was a sense of parental duty, and an early appreciation of the responsibilities and duties of life which inducted Mr. Goldschmidt into the groove which was to terminate in an addition to the *Jackdaw's* catalogue of Public Men. We have reason to believe that Councillor Goldschmidt never regrets having entered that groove. It has brought him money, good name, and respect, and hosts of friends. That would be something; but we fancy that there is somewhere a corner in the heart of Councillor Goldschmidt, the honourable and successful Manchester merchant, which treasures the memory of the old days in the German warehouse, the weary task of teaching the young idea how to shoot, silber groschen flying, and the feeling of duty hardly done which does not come again in its freshness to a man who has plenty of money.

In the year 1843 Mr. Goldschmidt had an offer given to him of engaging in mercantile pursuits in England, an offer for the acceptance of which he had qualified himself by diligent work. After three years, by a process which will be familiar to the imaginations of nearly all who have studied the subject of commercial success, he was able to start in business for himself in Manchester. The beginnings of this business were but small, but Mr. Goldschmidt has, so to speak, remitted now; his shortest branch roots upon contiguous Bradford, while his longest extends to South America.

Leaving the question of Mr. Goldschmidt's commercial energy, probity, and success, let us now go on to those special attributes of his which entitle him to rank as a Public Man. In the first place, then, we may

say, without the least suspicion of Paul Prysm, that he gives very good dinners. It will be seen presently why this is mentioned. Articles are not written any more than fortunes are made without a consistent plan on which the verbiage is founded, and the plan of this article now leads us to say something about Mr. Goldschmidt as a city councillor. It is as a councillor, more than in any other capacity, that Mr. Goldschmidt is a representative man. To give good dinners is nothing in itself, but to be conspicuous among about sixty others in this respect suggests a good deal. The dispensation of shining hospitality does not of course come within the scope of all councillors and aldermen, but position and inclination combined enable Mr. Goldschmidt to keep well among the foremost ranks of dinner-giving dignitaries, and to share the honours with Aldermen Curtis, Heywood, and some dozen or so of others. We only wish to point out the fact that Mr. Goldschmidt is in this respect a model city councillor, and to express as delicately as possible our regret that there are not more like him in the Council.

However much we may deplore the degeneracy of the modern race of councillors, we must not linger over this theme, except in that it sets a conspicuous mark on Councillor Goldschmidt. He is not a frequent speaker. His speeches would be more frequent perhaps in an assembly which occupied itself less with trifles than does our Civic Assembly. When he speaks he speaks not only with knowledge, but because information is required; and he is never afraid to speak what he thinks, either here or in other public assemblies which he occasionally attends. We hope Mr. Goldschmidt will pardon us if we say that he is not an effective speaker, and that it is his own fault that he is not so. At Infirmary meetings, for example, he addresses all his speeches directly at the head of the chairman, Mr. Birley, in the mistaken notion that something he says may penetrate the chairman's head. He does not know the chairman as well as we do. If Mr. Goldschmidt would only turn round towards the intelligent portion of the audience and address them, his speeches would be a hundredfold more effective, and the reporters would also be able to hear him, which at present they cannot do. His slightly foreign accents have now become quite a homely feature in the Council-chamber, and he is always listened to with respect and interest. On matters of finance Mr. Goldschmidt has several times proved himself to be no mean authority, and his practical wisdom has been more than once of infinite service to the Corporation. His work in connection with the Infirmary and its mode of management has lately come to the front, so that it is hardly necessary to allude to it here.

Turning to somewhat different matters, we find that Mr. Goldschmidt is a director of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, and he is an active working member of the following Committees in the Council: Health, Watch, Finance, Gas, Tramways, Baths and Wash-houses, and various Sub-Committees. The Health Committee is especially indebted to Mr. Goldschmidt for his untiring labours and display of knowledge on questions of sanitary reform, which he has made his especial study. Space fails us to say much more, but from what has been said it will be gleaned that a Public Man in Manchester, besides being liable to have his biography written in the *Jackdaw*, has no easy times of it in other respects.

Following Mr. Goldschmidt home to Rusholme, where he resides, we discover that of nearly every social institution in the neighbourhood, for whatever good purpose established, he is in some form or other patron. Education, reading, football, cricket, gymnastics, all come in for a full share of his interest, patronage, and encouragement. Out there he is, as he is in the city, in the widest and most honourable sense of the word, a Public Man. In order to make the definition a little wider, we will correct an omission by alluding to his special interest in all charitable undertakings in Manchester, of many of which he is chairman. It is hardly possible, however, to crowd all the virtues of a Public Man of the right sort into one short article, so that the rest must be left to the reader's imagination.

MANCHESTER OR NAPLES.

A NUMBER of influential gentlemen met in the Mayor's parlour, in the old Town Hall, last week, in furtherance of a very excellent object—namely, the education of destitute poor children in Manchester. A gentleman, who was unable to be present, wrote:—

"I take the liberty of writing to you to give my cordial testimony to the very great excellence and value of Mrs. Schwabe's institution. When at Manchester last January I had the pleasure of going all over the building and witnessing the process of instructing the Manchester children. It was a delightful and most interesting sight to see the various classes at their work, and also to observe the zeal and kindness of the teachers. The bright and happy countenances of the children as they attend to their lessons in arithmetic, taught to them on the Fröbel system, are most remarkable, and form a strong contrast to the squalid and dejected looks of those who play about the streets of Manchester in vast numbers, miserably clothed, and appearing half starved. Mrs. Schwabe is, I know, desirous of extending the sphere of her educational plans, and of adding an industrial wing to her school. I trust she will meet in Lancashire with the encouragement she so well deserves."

The above extract is given verbatim, with the exception of the correction of a printer's blunder, whereby the word "Naples" was accidentally substituted for "Manchester." The only thing we don't understand is how the sub-editor of any newspaper should have allowed such an error to pass into his columns, it being clear that the description of the children applies exactly to Manchester children, and it being well known that Manchester folks are never in the habit of going far afield with their charities.

FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

ON A BILL OF THE PLAY.

IT was stuck upon one of those posts which disfigure Victoria Street, and it sticks there still. I saw it on Monday morning as I was coming down to work, and noticing it, as I do most things which I pass in the streets, I observed that Mr. W. G. Herwyn was announced to take a certain character in a play at the Queen's Theatre that night. There was nothing unusual in this circumstance, yet I remember noticing it without paying any particular heed. In the ordinary course of things I should have gone to that theatre in the evening to write such criticism on the performance as I might deem fitting. Well, I did not go at all that night, and as far as Mr. Herwyn was concerned there was no performance and no criticism. In the second edition of an evening paper that day I met with a paragraph, headed "Death of Mr. W. G. Herwyn." It was a kindly enough paragraph, too, and pointed out that the actor's name would be found advertised in another column. Of course I was "shocked" a little, as were a good many other people. "It was so sudden, you know." But I soon got over the mere shock, and began to philosophise, as is my wont. It is the way of the world when people die who have had anything remarkable connected with them; paragraphs are written, gossip ensues, and all people make the most of the circumstance in their own way. I begin to wonder whether but for that coincidence of the name on the advertisement, and the accident of death, that paragraph would have appeared in the paper at all. If Mr. Herwyn had gone home one day, and given in to the ailment which attacked him, and allowed some one else to take his place, I am inclined to think there would have been no paragraph for two reasons: first because cessation of labour would very probably have saved the actor's life for awhile, and, secondly, because Mr. Herwyn was by no means what is called a great actor. Lest I should be misunderstood, I hasten to say that Mr. Herwyn was one of the most conscientious, hard-working, genial, and, in a measure, successful men I ever knew in any profession. These things, however, do not constitute greatness as the world goes, nor indeed are they entitled to do so. It is given to some men to labour faithfully and honestly, to struggle with

difficulties, to be kind friends and genial comrades. Such was the late Mr. W. G. Herwyn—his abilities and virtues comprised for theatrical purposes under the one definition, "useful." Such qualities as these, however, are seldom thought worthy of a paragraph either during life or at its close; and the newspaper extracts—nay, possibly this article itself—are due to the fact that Mr. Herwyn died in harness. This brings me to another part of my reflections. He died with his name upon the bills, and in that respect is, as I think, to be envied. He died young, but what of that? Other people do not die young, yet they must die some day, and what better way than in harness? Shall not we, too, get our paragraph, and be talked about? Not only so, but speaking quite philosophically and reverently, I can imagine no more comfortable mode of departing this life for the principal person concerned. Your name is on the bills, therefore you are drawing your wages. It is in an honourable position, say, therefore you are in good repute with most men, let us hope; you have no long illness, no ridiculous partings with friends; if you go on the unknown journey, your name remains on the bills, there is a paragraph about it, and somebody says, "Poor old so-and-so has gone off the hooks." It is, of course, rather an inconvenient and distressing mode of exit to one or two friends and relatives, but they will soon get over it, as they will get over the fact of your decease; other names will be on the bills, and the play will go on every bit as well as it did before, though it pleases you to anticipate otherwise.

ROBBERS! ROBBERS!

MR. W. BIRCH, junior's, latest placard on the walls is couched in the following form:—

ROBBERS!

MANY MORE THAN ARE KNOWN TO THE POLICE.

PRICE ONE PENNY, AT ALL NEWSVENDORS.

It is possible that Mr. Birch may not yet have his list complete, under which supposition we beg to make a few impartial suggestions of notorious robbers who might be included in it:—

A Braham Izaac and Jacob (perhaps the reverend gentleman has thought of this).

The U. K. A., which desires to rob a poor man of his beer.

Publicans who sell bad beer.

Persons who advertise a guinea gift for one shilling and sixpence, per coupon.

Clergymen of the Established Church.

Disestablishment agitators.

Ladies (this suggestion comes from the Old Fogie).

Doctors (by the Hypochondriac).

Promoters of charitable bazaars.

Turks.

Russians.

Liberals.

Conservatives.

Radicals (from the editor of the *Courier*).

Publishers.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THAT sea-serpent is the most audacious thing that there is. Although Parliament is sitting, and the Eastern Question is in full swing, with the thermometer nearly down to zero, and east winds aggravating the temperature, this reptile has actually gone and got caught somewhere in Scotland. It is 101ft. long, and 11ft. in circumference at the thickest part. The smallness of the proportions are accounted for by the fact that the animal is not now in season.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 3s. or 4s.? Set of Elastics 1s. at 4 Birmingham-st. London-E.

The police of Knutsford move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform. They have arrested a man who was leaning his elbows on the parapet of a bridge enjoying the landscape, and they have handcuffed him, beaten his head against a wall, locked him up, and sworn that he did something or other, for which he has had to go on the treadmill for a term of months. There is a disturbance about it at Knutsford. If the thing had happened in Salford, no notice would have been taken of it. They are used to similar occurrences on the other side of the Irwell.

The author of this advertisement is undoubtedly an ingenious man, but his ingenuity, it is to be feared, is more powerful than his discretion.—

"The gentleman who has recently filled the positions of sub-editor, special correspondent, reporter, publisher, book-keeper, collector, occasional canvasser, receiver and manager in Chancery, and frequently acting editor of the — (weekly newspaper), is open to another engagement. Advertiser would prefer a position in which the above duties might be slightly reduced.—Address," etc.

A gentleman who has filled simultaneously all the positions mentioned above must of course be a capable man, but he will hardly be entitled to be classed among the wise by those who know what work is.

The person who in transparent good faith cut some coupons out of the Jackdaw, and sent them to the "City Jackdaw Society," begging that the "pictures may be sent by return of post," will not get those works of art. It is a refreshing thing to have unearthed this individual, because the fact of his existence is so suggestive. If there is one person found to be taken in by what was intended for the broadest of jokes, how many will be deceived by the artfully concocted coupon traps which appear in serious journals? The Jackdaw has already pointed out the nefarious nature of these advertisements, and is not at all sure whether from the purely moral point of view the journals which insert these announcements are not more to be condemned than the originators of the swindle. We are only uttering a platitude, without any personal reference whatever, in opining that the individual who offers to sell for one shilling and eight-pence things valued at a guinea is not an honest trader. The public are cautioned accordingly.

Since the above paragraph was written, two more applications have been received for the pictures advertised. The Jackdaw is sorry for the disappointment to which his joke has given rise.

A CONFERENCE of clergymen of the Established Church has been held in London on the subject of opening museums on Sundays. It was decided by a large majority, to quote the terms of the resolution :—

"That the meeting is of opinion that the opening of museums would lead to the neglect of religious observances and to the employment of large numbers of persons by the opening of refreshment shops."

Now, it is well known that the clergy have again and again thrown their influence into the scale against Liberal candidates for Parliament who are for the most part in favour of closing public-houses on Sunday. They have a reason for this course, which is, that from Liberal candidatures they fear disestablishment. Yet it is feared that the opening of museums would encourage the sale of refreshments. How can the clergy justify this selfish and inconsistent position? For the sake of sticking a little longer to the loaves and fishes, they are ready to wink at the sale of intoxicants on Sunday; and it is only in the case where their own interest is not touched that they are so vastly moral, and anxious for the salvation of souls. By-and-by it will be justly said that the Established Church is one of the chief foes to sobriety and social progress which exist in the land.

If Mr. Gladstone's critics had as righteous grounds for holding forth on the Eastern Question as the gentleman has whom they attack, public opinion in this country would stand a better chance of being instructed than it does at present. All sorts of foolish and ungenerous accusations are

being hurled against Mr. Gladstone because, being one of the few men who have something to say worth hearing about the present European Crisis, he does not hold his peace. The favourite dodge of Tory writers and speakers is now to accuse the Right Honourable gentleman of being a traitor to his party. The fact is that a great and illustrious politician cannot but find himself in a difficulty when placed by unhappy circumstances in conjunction with a number of comparative small fry. Were Mr. Gladstone to hold his tongue, he would glibly be taunted with cowardice and apathy; when he speaks he is accused of presumption and self-seeking. One of the last of a race of Giants, Mr. Gladstone ought in the natural course of things to expect such treatment, not perhaps at the hands of his political friends, but at all events from the unscrupulous partisanship of his enemies. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, which are announced, will nevertheless be waited for with breathless interest by a large section of Englishmen, the yelping of Tory curs notwithstanding.

We must impress upon our readers the great importance of regularly reading the *Courier*, and we say it in their own interest. None of the other newspapers give such rare reports of interesting news. Here, for instance, is a specimen, the scene being laid at the Theatre Royal, Manchester :—

"We ought, perhaps, to notice an incident which occurred during the act (in the 'Grand Duchess'), and which shows how firm a hold politics have upon the popular mind. Trenitz, in introducing the guests at a *fête*, called out as the name of one who was dressed in gaudy green silk and huge coalcuttle bonnet, 'Gladstone,' and the audience laughed heartily at the caricature. Presently a jaunty old dame was announced as 'Beaconsfield,' and the mention of the name was the signal for loud cheers and applause. These demonstrations were continued so long that a few persons in the gallery began to hiss, and the rest of the audience, taking this as a mark of disapproval of the cheers, cheered all the more heartily and vociferously. In order to restore quiet, Trenitz stepped to the footlights as if about to make an explanatory announcement, and observing, 'You may doubt me but Dis-really,' created general good humour, and the incident ended."

After such a happy exclusive paragraph, we needn't wonder that the *Courier* critic is in future to be specially retained to attend the Theatre Royal, and to associate his critical faculty with his ability as a special correspondent, in the hope that other interesting political events may transpire on which the destinies of Europe—nay, the world—may depend. N.B.—Surely we have come across the pun "Dis-really" before. It smacks frightfully of—but we had better not say where.

CAPTAIN JAMES WATSON AND THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

WE have been requested to publish the following circular :—

Conservative Club, April 1st, 1877.

Sir,—It is in contemplation to place a "commemorative bust" of Captain James Watson in the smoking-room of the Conservative Club, and your subscription, however small, is respectfully solicited. All the members of our Club owe Mr. James Watson a large debt of gratitude for his distinguished and disinterested services to the Conservative party in Manchester, for he was the happy medium of conveying our wishes to the Government—our wishes that the Queen should not come to open the New Town Hall, and thereby do honour to a Radical mayor. In placing a "complimentary bust" of Captain Watson in the Conservative Club we are doing honour to one to whom honour is due, and in complimenting him we are complimenting ourselves. But for the initiative taken by Captain Watson, and for the occult influence he wielded as one of "her Majesty's bodyguards," the Liberals, through the Liberal mayor, might have scored a Liberal victory.—Yours, very sincerely,

J. W. MACLURE, Chairman, Cross Street.

TOM ROSE, Councillor, Treasurer, Victoria Street.

P.S.—Subscriptions will also be received at the shop of Mr. Carter, barber, St. Mary's Gate, and at the bar of the Conservative Club.

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[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

ON A BILL OF THE PLAY.

IT was stuck upon one of those posts which disfigure Victoria Street, and it sticks there still. I saw it on Monday morning as I was coming down to work, and noticing it, as I do most things which I pass in the streets, I observed that Mr. W. G. Herwyn was announced to take a certain character in a play at the Queen's Theatre that night. There was nothing unusual in this circumstance, yet I remember noticing it without paying any particular heed. In the ordinary course of things I should have gone to that theatre in the evening to write such criticism on the performance as I might deem fitting. Well, I did not go at all that night, and as far as Mr. Herwyn was concerned there was no performance and no criticism. In the second edition of an evening paper that day I met with a paragraph, headed "Death of Mr. W. G. Herwyn." It was a kindly enough paragraph, too, and pointed out that the actor's name would be found advertised in another column. Of course I was "shocked" a little, as were a good many other people. "It was so sudden, you know." But I soon got over the mere shock, and began to philosophise, as is my wont. It is the way of the world when people die who have had anything remarkable connected with them; paragraphs are written, gossip ensues, and all people make the most of the circumstance in their own way. I begin to wonder whether but for that coincidence of the name on the advertisement, and the accident of death, that paragraph would have appeared in the paper at all. If Mr. Herwyn had gone home one day, and given in to the ailment which attacked him, and allowed some one else to take his place, I am inclined to think there would have been no paragraph for two reasons: first because cessation of labour would very probably have saved the actor's life for awhile, and, secondly, because Mr. Herwyn was by no means what is called a great actor. Lest I should be misunderstood, I hasten to say that Mr. Herwyn was one of the most conscientious, hard-working, genial, and, in a measure, successful men I ever knew in any profession. These things, however, do not constitute greatness as the world goes, nor indeed are they entitled to do so. It is given to some men to labour faithfully and honestly, to struggle with

difficulties, to be kind friends and genial comrades. Such was the late Mr. W. G. Herwyn—his abilities and virtues comprised for theatrical purposes under the one definition, "useful." Such qualities as these, however, are seldom thought worthy of a paragraph either during life or at its close; and the newspaper extracts—nay, possibly this article itself—are due to the fact that Mr. Herwyn died in harness. This brings me to another part of my reflections. He died with his name upon the bills, and in that respect is, as I think, to be envied. He died young, but what of that? Other people do not die young, yet they must die some day, and what better way than in harness? Shall not we, too, get our paragraph, and be talked about? Not only so, but speaking quite philosophically and reverently, I can imagine no more comfortable mode of departing this life for the principal person concerned. Your name is on the bills, therefore you are drawing your wages. It is in an honourable position, say, therefore you are in good repute with most men, let us hope; you have no long illness, no ridiculous partings with friends; if you go on the unknown journey, your name remains on the bills, there is a paragraph about it, and somebody says, "Poor old so-and-so has gone off the hooks." It is, of course, rather an inconvenient and distressing mode of exit to one or two friends and relatives, but they will soon get over it, as they will get over the fact of your decease; other names will be on the bills, and the play will go on every bit as well as it did before, though it pleases you to anticipate otherwise.

ROBBERS! ROBBERS!

M'R. W. BIRCH, junior's, latest placard on the walls is couched in the following form:—

ROBBERS!

MANY MORE THAN ARE KNOWN TO THE POLICE.

PRICE ONE PENNY, AT ALL NEWSVENDORS.

It is possible that Mr. Birch may not yet have his list complete, under which supposition we beg to make a few impartial suggestions of notorious robbers who might be included in it:—

A Braham Isaac and Jacob (perhaps the reverend gentleman has thought of this).

The U. K. A., which desires to rob a poor man of his beer.

Publicans who sell bad beer.

Persons who advertise a guinea gift for one shilling and sixpence, per coupon.

Clergymen of the Established Church.

Disestablishment agitators.

Ladies (this suggestion comes from the Old Fogie).

Doctors (by the Hypochondriac).

Promoters of charitable bazaars.

Turks.

Russians.

Liberals.

Conservatives.

Radicals (from the editor of the Courier).

Publishers.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THAT sea-serpent is the most audacious thing that there is. Although Parliament is sitting, and the Eastern Question is in full swing, with the thermometer nearly down to zero, and east winds aggravating the temperature, this reptile has actually gone and got caught somewhere in Scotland. It is 10ft. long, and 11ft. in circumference at the thickest part. The smallness of the proportions are accounted for by the fact that the animal is not now in season.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 3s. or 4s.? Set of Elastics 1s. at 4, Birmingham-st. London-
SOUTHAMPTON ST. LONDON. BIRMINGHAM. BRITISH
CITY. 14, BIRMINGHAM. BRITISH CITY.

The police of Knutsford move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform. They have arrested a man who was leaning his elbows on the parapet of a bridge enjoying the landscape, and they have handcuffed him, beaten his head against a wall, locked him up, and sworn that he did something or other, for which he has had to go on the treadmill for a term of months. There is a disturbance about it at Knutsford. If the thing had happened in Salford, no notice would have been taken of it. They are used to similar occurrences on the other side of the Irwell.

The author of this advertisement is undoubtedly an ingenious man, but his ingenuity, it is to be feared, is more powerful than his discretion.—

"The gentleman who has recently filled the positions of sub-editor, special correspondent, reporter, publisher, book-keeper, collector, occasional canvasser, receiver and manager in Chancery, and frequently acting editor of the — (weekly newspaper), is open to another engagement. Advertiser would prefer a position in which the above duties might be slightly reduced.—Address," etc.

A gentleman who has filled simultaneously all the positions mentioned above must of course be a capable man, but he will hardly be entitled to be classed among the wise by those who know what work is.

The person who in transparent good faith cut some coupons out of the *Jackdaw*, and sent them to the "City Jackdaw Society," begging that the "pictures may be sent by return of post," will not get those works of art. It is a refreshing thing to have unearthed this individual, because the fact of his existence is so suggestive. If there is one person found to be taken in by what was intended for the broadest of jokes, how many will be deceived by the artfully concocted coupon traps which appear in serious journals? The *Jackdaw* has already pointed out the nefarious nature of these advertisements, and is not at all sure whether from the purely moral point of view the journals which insert these announcements are not more to be condemned than the originators of the swindle. We are only uttering a platitude, without any personal reference whatever, in opining that the individual who offers to sell for one shilling and eight-pence things valued at a guinea is not an honest trader. The public are cautioned accordingly.

Since the above paragraph was written, two more applications have been received for the pictures advertised. The *Jackdaw* is sorry for the disappointment to which his joke has given rise.

A CONFERENCE of clergymen of the Established Church has been held in London on the subject of opening museums on Sundays. It was decided by a large majority, to quote the terms of the resolution :—

"That the meeting is of opinion that the opening of museums would lead to the neglect of religious observances and to the employment of large numbers of persons by the opening of refreshment shops."

Now, it is well known that the clergy have again and again thrown their influence into the scale against Liberal candidates for Parliament who are for the most part in favour of closing public-houses on Sunday. They have a reason for this course, which is, that from Liberal candidatures they fear disestablishment. Yet it is feared that the opening of museums would encourage the sale of refreshments. How can the clergy justify this selfish and inconsistent position? For the sake of sticking a little longer to the loaves and fishes, they are ready to wink at the sale of intoxicants on Sunday; and it is only in the case where their own interest is not touched that they are so vastly moral, and anxious for the salvation of souls. By-and-by it will be justly said that the Established Church is one of the chief foes to sobriety and social progress which exist in the land.

If Mr. Gladstone's critics had as righteous grounds for holding forth on the Eastern Question as the gentleman has whom they attack, public opinion in this country would stand a better chance of being instructed than it does at present. All sorts of foolish and ungenerous accusations are

being hurled against Mr. Gladstone because, being one of the few men who have something to say worth hearing about the present European Crisis, he does not hold his peace. The favourite dodge of Tory writers and speakers is now to accuse the Right Honourable gentleman of being a traitor to his party. The fact is that a great and illustrious politician cannot but find himself in a difficulty when placed by unhappy circumstances in conjunction with a number of comparative small fry. Were Mr. Gladstone to hold his tongue, he would glibly be taunted with cowardice and apathy; when he speaks he is accused of presumption and self-seeking. One of the last of a race of Giants, Mr. Gladstone ought in the natural course of things to expect such treatment, not perhaps at the hands of his political friends, but at all events from the unscrupulous partisanship of his enemies. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, which are announced, will nevertheless be waited for with breathless interest by a large section of Englishmen, the yelping of Tory curs notwithstanding.

We must impress upon our readers the great importance of regularly reading the *Courier*, and we say it in their own interest. None of the other newspapers give such rare reports of interesting news. Here, for instance, is a specimen, the scene being laid at the Theatre Royal, Manchester :—

"We ought, perhaps, to notice an incident which occurred during the act in the 'Grand Duchess', and which shows how firm a hold politics have upon the popular mind. Trenitz, in introducing the guests at a fête, called out as the name of one who was dressed in gaudy green silk and huge coalscuttle bonnet, 'Gladstone,' and the audience laughed heartily at the caricature. Presently a jaunty old dame was announced as 'Beaconsfield,' and the mention of the name was the signal for loud cheers and applause. These demonstrations were continued so long that a few persons in the gallery began to hiss, and the rest of the audience, taking this as a mark of disapproval of the cheers, cheered all the more heartily and vociferously. In order to restore quiet, Trenitz stepped to the footlights as if about to make an explanatory announcement, and observing, 'You may doubt me but Dis-really,' created general good humour, and the incident ended."

After such a happy exclusive paragraph, we needn't wonder that the *Courier* critic is in future to be specially retained to attend the Theatre Royal, and to associate his critical faculty with his ability as a special correspondent, in the hope that other interesting political events may transpire on which the destinies of Europe—nay, the world—may depend. N.B.—Surely we have come across the pun "Dis-really" before. It smacks frightfully of—but we had better not say where.

CAPTAIN JAMES WATSON AND THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

WE have been requested to publish the following circular :—

Conservative Club, April 1st, 1877.

Sir,—It is in contemplation to place a "commemorative bust" of Captain James Watson in the smoking-room of the Conservative Club, and your subscription, however small, is respectfully solicited. All the members of our Club owe Mr. James Watson a large debt of gratitude for his distinguished and disinterested services to the Conservative party in Manchester, for he was the happy medium of conveying our wishes to the Government—our wishes that the Queen should not come to open the New Town Hall, and thereby do honour to a Radical mayor. In placing a "complimentary bust" of Captain Watson in the Conservative Club we are doing honour to one to whom honour is due, and in complimenting him we are complimenting ourselves. But for the initiative taken by Captain Watson, and for the occult influence he wielded as one of "her Majesty's bodyguards," the Liberals, through the Liberal mayor, might have scored a Liberal victory.—Yours, very sincerely,

J. W. MACLURE, Chairman, Cross Street.

TOM ROSE, Councillor, Treasurer, Victoria Street.

P.S.—Subscriptions will also be received at the shop of Mr. Carter, barber, St. Mary's Gate, and at the bar of the Conservative Club.



AMUSEMENTS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter-street, Manchester.—The most popular, cheerful, and respectable place of amusement in the world. INCREASED ATTRACTIONS, TO-NIGHT, Mr. George Leybourne, the lion comique; Madile Ada Hermine, prima donna; the wondrous acrobatic trio, Signor Grovini, Madame Elliott, and the Excelsior Willies, in their astounding drawing-room performances; Mr. Hamilton Winter, the funny Cone, Miss Julia Bullen, the Brothers Gillespie, and Mr. John Orr. ON MONDAY NEXT, Lieutenant Walter Cole, and his Merry Folks; Mr. Charles Laurie, the favourite comique; Mons. Henri; Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, negro comedians; Miss Julie Bullen, serio-comic; Mr. John Orr, baritone; Miss Rosina Sipple, serio and ballet vocalist; Patti Adele, vocalist and dancer. Admission, body of hall and balcony, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

OPENS TO-DAY (FRIDAY).

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW,
ROYAL POMONA PALACE.THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.
ENTRIES EXCEED those at any previous show.THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW,
TROTTING, STONE WALL, HIGH FENCE, and HURDLE JUMPING,
FLAT and HURDLE RACING, PONY RACING, etc., each day, commencing
at 2.30 p.m.THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.
The DISPLAY of CARRIAGES, STABLE FITTINGS, BILLIARD TABLES,
etc., will be unusually large, and includes entries from nearly all the leading
firms in London and the provinces.THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW,
ROYAL POMONA PALACE.

MAY 4, 5, 7, 8, and 9.

Admission, one shilling; children, half-price; carriages, 10s. 6d. (occupants one shilling each); reserved chairs, in front of grand stand, 5s.; grand stand No. 1, 2s. 6d.; No. 2, 1s.; subscribers' tickets, one guinea, admitting to the show ground and reserved seats in front of stand each day, are now ready.

OPEN FROM 10 A.M. TO 9 P.M. EACH DAY.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

HAT the bakers are raising their prices because of the war in the yeast.

That the Gas Committee have just as much cause as the bakers to increase their prices, on the ground of the scarcity of Russian tallow.

That the barbers are going to close their shops, as they cannot get any real Russian bear's grease—and cannot put up with the substitutes they have imposed on the public any longer.

That the May-day procession in Manchester was a gigantic puff for enterprising tradesmen.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

That folks wondered that the Editor of the *Courier* and Dr. Watts, who have lately taken to puffing each other, did not take part in it.

That there is a fearful row going on in the correspondence columns of the daily papers as to the right of the poor to a share of the "tithe."

That the public begin to think that if about a "tithe" of the space occupied by the squabbling had only been allowed, everybody would have been the gainers.

That Captain James Watson has "closed his account" with Mr. Carter, the barber, in St. Mary's Gate.

That from a feeling of modesty, Captain Watson has been out of town ever since his brilliant achievement in preventing the Queen from coming to Manchester was chronicled in the *Examiner*.

DR. WATTS AND THE EDITOR OF THE "COURIER."

SCENE.—In front of the Conservative Club. Dr. JOHN WATTS meeting Mr. J. W. MACLURE, on May day.

Mr. Maclure. Holla, Watts, how are you?

Dr. Watts. Oh, pretty well. Fine day for May day.

Mr. Maclure. Splendid. Have a drink this morning?

Dr. Watts. No.

Mr. Maclure. Sorry I can't invite you into the Conservative Club. They've stopped me taking in Radicals there.

Dr. Watts. Oh, don't wonder at it. Sorry I can't take you into the Liberal Club, but —

Mr. Maclure. Oh, don't mention it. [Aside.] Lor! I'm sorry I came out without my purse this morning; I'd like to stand him a drink; but I can't, so I must dissemble. [Aloud.] I say, Watts, you've been awfully heavy on the Editor of the *Courier*.

Dr. Watts. Do you think so?

Mr. Maclure. Dreadfully heavy. Isn't that the Editor of the *Courier* coming round the corner of the Exchange—that stout, good-looking gentleman, with the Dundreary whiskers?

Dr. Watts [evidently in alarm]. Where? Where?

Mr. Maclure. By Jove! and he has got a stick with him.

Dr. Watts. Oh, excuse me, I forgot, I've a friend to see. We'll have a drink another time. [Exit.]

Mr. Maclure. Ah, I thought that would settle him. Now I'll go into the Club, and make somebody stand for that.

THE BROTHERS MACLURE.

THE Rev. Edward Craig Maclure, of Habergham Eaves, has been appointed Vicar of Rochdale, on the presentation of the Bishop of Manchester. Some clergymen get livings by asking for them; some get them through their relations, as, for instance, Pope Hornby; others get them through their own qualifications. Though the Rev. Edward Craig Maclure is full brother to Mr. John William Maclure, the distinguished puller of Conservative and Church strings in Manchester, we are not going to say that he has got this nice little living, which is worth £1,500 a year, through his relations. On the contrary, we believe Mr. Maclure is one of the most zealous clergymen in the whole diocese of Lancashire, and the Bishop may be congratulated on the appointment. Unlike his brother, Mr. Parson Maclure is a thorough-going Liberal, and looks with extreme horror on the Conservative perversity of Mr. John William; and there are people who say that the Bishop's real object in making the appointment in the prospective conversion of Mr. non-Parson Maclure to Liberalism. Indeed, gossip goes further, and says that the Bishop and the reverend brother, on the stage of the Theatre Royal—where both brothers took part in the mission service—discussed with considerable warmth the necessity of bringing Mr. J. W. into the right political path. We sincerely hope that no such conversion will take place. We rather

prefer that the brothers Maclure should go on their way as they are going, seeking honourable promotion; and possibly when Mr. John William Maclure becomes Prime Minister of England he may sink political differences, and make his brother an archbishop.

By the way, we heard an extremely good story about the brothers the other day. The parson was at a clerical meeting, and was accosted by a brother cleric in the following way: "My dear Mr. Maclure, you are awfully like your brother, both in appearance and in your habits." "Oh," replied Parson Maclure, "we were always considered very much unlike in appearance, and I don't think our habits at all tally. Pray explain." "Why," said the clerical friend, "as to your habits—there are only two arm-chairs in the room, your brother has got one and—ahem!—you have got the other."

THE HEALTH OF THE TOWN CLERK.

A LETTER, addressed to the genial "Father of the Council," Mr. Alderman Willert, was read by the Mayor at the Council meeting on Wednesday, stating that the health of the Town Clerk was much improved, and that he hoped to be at business at the Town Hall in the course of a few days. No one can rejoice more at this announcement than the *City Jackdaw*, who (*vide* the first number) was the most ready to recognise the merits of one who is *facillime princeps* of all municipal corporations. Sir Joseph Heron stands so apart by himself—he is so distinguished and identified with the history of the Manchester Corporation, and its rise and progress, as one of the first—if not the first—municipal institutions in this country, that even his temporary abstention from duty is a matter of public concern. There is no doubt whatever that owing to the Town Clerk's vigilance and sagacity, in many ways, but more especially in Parliamentary business affecting the interests of the ratepayers of large boroughs, Sir Joseph Heron has more than saved his salary every year of his official existence. It is only a matter of justice to record this fact, and the ratepayers may be congratulated on the restoration to health of one who so efficiently guards their interests, and who more than any man living has built up the renown and reputation of his native town. One thing, however, the *Jackdaw* must say, and that is this—if the City of Glasgow can afford to raise its Town Clerk's salary from £2,500 to £3,500 a year, Manchester ought at least to show its appreciation of its most distinguished citizen. As Sterne says, "A word to the wise is enough." Let us hope it may not be said of us, as was said to Swift by the country farmer—the only time the great satirist was foored—"By —, you have not the gratitude of a dog."

SURGEON VERSUS MANCHESTER.

M R. SPURGEON is down on the Bishop of Manchester in the following terms:—"The Bishop of Manchester, whose manliness compensates for many faults, may nevertheless do a great deal of mischief if he continues to endorse the stage. Surely he cannot be so dazzled by the virtues of one or two eminent performers as to forget the manifest tendency of the whole institution? His grace need not go inside a theatre in order to correct his present opinions; let him only pass by a playhouse between the hours of eleven and twelve, and see what he shall see. If he should be in need of a housemaid, or a cook, or a butler, would he select a person whose character was endorsed—is a frequent attendant at a theatre? Would the Bishop in his heart think any the better of a young man for becoming an habitué of the pit? Would he wish his own daughter to become a prima donna, or would it gladden his heart for his son to become lessee of a Royal opera? His grace has spoken upon the boards of two theatres—will he now introduce Mrs. Fraser and family to the ladies and gentlemen in the green-room, requesting the latter to feel themselves under no restraint whatever? Has the right reverend father in God found grace and holiness promoted among his flocks by the plays they have seen? If so, would he be so good as to publish the titles of the

dramas?" etc. The foregoing extract is taken from a publication called *Sword and Trowel*, which probably few Manchester folks see. Mr. Spurgeon gives a singularly accurate picture of our worthy Bishop. He speaks of him, as the bloated aristocrat that he is, pampering a fashionable wife and numerous family at the expense of the souls of the people. The Bishop is nevertheless "manly in spite of his many faults;" why this bit of soft soap, Mr. Spurgeon?

HEARTLESS CONDUCT OF THE BISHOP.

SCENE.—*The Kitchen at the Bishop of Manchester's house. MARY (the cook) and RACHAEL (the scullery-maid) in conversation.*

Mary. Why, Rachael, what do you look so alarmed at?

Rachael. Haven't you heard the fearful news?

Mary. No, not I.

Rachael. Why, Mr. Spurgeon says the Bishop has a wife and family.

Mary. A what?

Rachael. A wife and family. Mr. Spurgeon says so in the *Sword and Trowel*, and asks how the Bishop would like to take them to the theatre, and introduce them to the actresses.

Mary. Oh, but he must be wrong.

Rachael. I hope so; only Mr. Spurgeon knows everything, and if the Bishop has a wife and family—

Mary. Which he doesn't own —

Rachael. He ought to be —

Mary [sobbing]. Prosecuted for desertion. I always thought the Bishop knew more about married life than a bachelor could know.

TREATING ON CHANGE!

HANK goodness in these quiet times there is a man like the Bishop of Manchester, who never opens his mouth but he gets somebody to put their foot into—something or another. The Bishop, at the Cathedral, on Sunday, in preaching on behalf of the Railway Servants' Orphanage—a most admirable and deserving institution—after uttering a protest against the practice "of taking a guard or a porter to the refreshment-room and treating him to beer or spirits," is reported to have said that "he was told that a bargain could not be struck or settled on the Manchester Exchange even without a glass of sherry or spirits being paid for." Well, we are not going to quarrel with his lordship for the statement, as we believe he has got hold of the truth; and probably he will admit with us, that there is no great harm in taking a glass of sherry over a good bargain. Why, even the Bishop cannot undertake to consecrate a church-yard but there must be a luncheon, with an extended toast-list, following the ceremony. Nobody is going to find fault with that—at least, not from our side of the house. But the Bishop, nevertheless, has fallen into a scrape, and we are anxious of course to make the most of it. A Mr. S. A. Nichols, of Darwen, has got himself into a great passion about the Bishop's statement. Mr. Nichols has attended 'Change for many years—in fact, goes there regularly two days a week—is not an abstainer, and yet has never yet struck or settled a bargain in any such manner; and what is more, he cannot recollect that he has ever been invited so to settle one. Mr. Nichols has two sons who attend 'Change, but if he thought they were exposed to such an awful risk of drunkenness as the Bishop's assertion implied, he would rather that they (the sons) were breaking stones on the highway. Happy father and happy sons! how wondrously different they must be to the rest of the frequenters of the Exchange. Perhaps Mr. Nichols will tell us whether he or his sons ever take a pinch of snuff with Mr. Dean, official box-holder, over a bargain? For ourselves, we are bound to say that we cannot go on 'Change even for a moment without being nearly worried to death to have a drink. We have never been pressed by the master, but no doubt we should have been, after our article of last week, had we come in his way. Fortunately we didn't.

WHAT is the matter with the *Courier* this week? It is unusually dull.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

HYSTERIC PATRIOTISM.

IT is hardly possible to be in any company now where the war is not talked about, and where the probabilities of England being "dragged into it," are not discussed. Journals which a while ago made light of a period of almost infinite human suffering, and hinted that massacre and violation in Bulgaria were no business of ours, are now sedulously occupied in attempting to light the war torch, because what they mysteriously term "British interests" are supposed to be endangered by a war between Russia and Turkey. In more than one instance, and notably in one, this phraseology means nothing else at all than sympathy with the Turks, and a desire that British money and blood should be spent in saving them from the fate to which, without such aid, they are pre-destined. The *Daily Telegraph*, which in 1870 was the most peaceful journal in the whole world, and invoked angels from Heaven to save France and Germany from entering into an unholy, unChristian, and injurious strife, which in beautiful language described how "Peace shuddering fled, and Religion folding her meek wings departed from this wicked world," etc., this same journal now shrieks aloud in the following terms: "The most momentous conflict of the age has commenced; the fate of Empires, the future of mankind, depend on the vigour and wisdom of British policy; and History does not teach her lessons twice to an inattentive people. If it turns out—and it well may—that the Turkish forces along the Danube are all too few and scattered to defend that river; if the Russians can play successfully their obvious game of a quick and overwhelming march down to the Balkans and beyond them, we may see the Cossacks at Adrianople much sooner than the gossips dream, and the Turks—who are really to-day the solitary champions of international law—may be left broken and despairing. In the event of such a swift and victorious Russian march, which is perfectly possible, what would there then be to arrest the legions of the North? Who would be present to dispute the Gate of two continents with the sanctimonious exterminators?" After reading a good deal of stuff of this sort, not only unfortunately in the "largest circulation," but in other journals, one begins to understand the hysterical dread which is beginning to show itself among all sorts of people. Tall writing and "gush" of the kind quoted is easily produced either on one side or the other; and, unhappily, many English people have such an infinite belief in the good faith of leader-writers and their sense of responsibility, that tall talk is regarded by them as truth and gush as gospel. The *Telegraph* goes on to remark that "feeble persons will call this bluster, and accuse us of provoking war." It is even so: part of this excuse is true, and part not. Feeble people will pass by the bluster unnoticed, and see only the provocation to war—and war for what? The hysterical reader is convinced that it is for the existence of the British Empire. He is not aware that there are other springs which move the writers of leading articles besides those of honour and patriotism. He is unsuspecting of the fact that there are English journals whose interest in various ways is bound up with that of the Turks, and that the *Daily Telegraph* is notably one of them. He believes in the writer's sense of responsibility, going further than we are inclined to go, for we believe only in the responsibility, and not in the writer's sense of it. The fact is, that if England goes to war with Russia, at all events for some time to come, it will be because she has been urged to it in defence of a rotting and unclean Empire. It will be the result of the wide influence exercised by such writings as those of which a sample has been given. The time is far distant, and we do not believe that half a century will bring it much nearer, when the British Empire will be threatened with danger from Russia. The so-called "interests" of England are the common interests of every state in Europe—namely, to see that one nation is not aggrandised at the expense of a whole continent. Russian ambition—if it be anything more than a bugbear—may well be left to be curbed by the European Concert. Eng-

land, of course, will know how to look after herself when she is really threatened, but such a possibility is the province of statesmen, not of mere gossip. England must not again, and we think she will not again, be led into a war in support of the Turks as a European Power. It is our hope and belief that this will not happen, in spite of the gushing of responsible leader-writers, and the hysterical commotion caused thereby in some over-confiding hearts.

THE ABSURD ANGLER; OR, THE RECREATIONS OF COTTON.

CHAPTER V.—HOW TO FISH FOR THE GRAYLING OR UMBER.

Piscator. Having now shown you how to turn this commodity of a vote or pledge into money, let us go and spend the same right merrily.

Venator. Master, it is a bargain, and I thank you for your instruction, which hath ended so happily.

Piscator. I may tell you, scholar, that you are lucky in falling in with one who is an old angler and an honest man, and who knows the town and its ways.

Venator. My fortune hath been excellent.

Piscator. Marry, and this ale is excellent, and is too good for any but anglers and very honest men. I will now smoke a pipe of tobacco; and for your further instruction I will now give you some rules how to fish for the Umber or Grayling, but first I will sing you a song, which I made one day when I went a-fishing for them, and had with me just such another scholar as you are, and by the same token he was a fool and an ignorant bumpkin.

Venator. Master, these be bitter words.

Piscator. Sir, they are the words of truth and sobriety and of an honest man, as you would know if it had not happened to you to be drunk—but to the song.

Venator. Master, indeed, I am not drunk.

Piscator. Oh, fie upon you, scholar! Do you doubt the word of an angler and an honest man? I say you are drunk, which is an unseemly vice—but to the song.

On, the gallant fisher's life,
Pleasure never ailing,
Far away from toil and strife,
Sorrow and bewailing.
I will now
Tell you how
You should fish
If you wish—
I will (hic)
Tell you, Dick,
How to catch a Grayling.

Venator. Master, my name, too, is Richard.

Piscator. So a man be sober, honest, and diligent, it matters not what name he may be known by; but, for that, you be neither.

Venator. Methinks I have a testy master to teach me angling withal.

Piscator. It will be well if it prove not worse for you, and if you wish a quarrel, I am your man; but some men are ever so when they drink.

Venator. Master, I am not quarrelsome.

Piscator. Content you, scholar, you are an ass not worth the regarding. Mine host will now give us a draught of brandy to warm this cold ale withal, and I will to my song again.

If for Grayling you should fish,
Otherwise for Umber,
Look you, scholar (hic), I wish
You may catch a number;
But I fear
Too much beer
Will not make
Fish to take.
You should (hic)
Cut your stick,
And go home to slumber.

This verse, I may tell you, scholar, is one that I have made presently, and one which you should take to heart, for I now see that you are very drunk.

Venator. Master, master, have a care; you were nearly down if I had not caught you.

Piscator. And if it was the fault of this chair, which is very awkwardly constructed, but a man who is drunk doth not make these allowances; but, scholar, though methinks you are past understanding of poetry, I will now repeat to you an expression of my thoughts, which has come to me from somewhere or other, and it is called—

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these retreats would be
With store of drink to solace me,
Pass down my throat with bubbling noise,
And cause my heart to (hic) rejoice,
Sit here and smoke the pipe of peace—
Oh, that such joys should ever cease!

Venator. Master, methinks you are not well; you change colour, and your speech is thick.

Piscator. Never you interfere with me, scholar, I am all right; it is a passing indisposition, I shall be well anon; but for your Grayling or Umbra I can see that it is vain to discourse, for mine audience is drunk.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

CREDIT DRAPERS AND WORKMEN'S WIVES.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

MY IR.—There is a great debt of gratitude due to the *City Jackdaw* from the citizens of Manchester for setting the ball rolling, and pulling the wires on the present and important question of how travelling drapers, otherwise Scotch wolves, transact their business. A letter appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* last week by "one who knows," and evidently does know, as many more do too well to their sorrow, in which he submitted one of number of cases that occur in this city every day. He tells us that he intends taking this case up himself as a public duty, and we must do our duty by giving him our utmost support. I believe that bailiffs do frequently force locked doors, but either the poor people don't know the law, or not having the means to go to law they get off scot-free. The bailiffs know the people that they have to deal with the same as the Scotchmen do. A person that has never suffered pain cannot have the same sympathy for a fellow-creature as one that has suffered himself. Only just let us think for one moment. Supposing one of these Scotchmen put a poor working-man into the Court of Record for a debt of two pounds odd for drapery goods supplied to his wife during his absence at work. He may never have seen the man, or know anything about it, or has he ever applied to him for payment. I don't know for certain, but I feel sure that the costs will come to a great deal more than the debt. Let me ask, how is it possible for this poor man to pay down this money? Perhaps his wages will be thirty shillings per week, and he may have a large family to support. Let us ask ourselves the question, what will be the consequence if this is not paid? The bailiffs walk into the house, and the home is broken up which has taken the bread-winner years of hard toil to get. The packmen's annual conference has been held once more. The chairman, in his opening address, congratulated the members on the freedom they had enjoyed during the past year from attacks by those who did not understand them. It is to be hoped that the ensuing year will not pass off so comfortable with them. My opinion is that the working-man has every reason to understand them, and the way they transact their business to his sorrow. I don't see what the man with thirty shillings per week coming in wants with credit. Supposing the wife does want any drapery goods on credit, I think you will agree with me that the system that ought to be adopted is that the husband should

be applied to for his sanction, and to solicit orders in the evening when the husband is at home; then there would be something straightforward about this way of doing business. If working people are provident they will do without credit—that is, if they want to get on—and not have these wolves hanging about their house. I should like to say a word or two in regard to your correspondent's letter, signed "Credit Draper." I say that they do use the county courts and the Court of Record as a principal collecting agency; that their goods are sold at very large profits, and unknown to the responsible householder; and that they are a standing offence to society at large. He says that they do not resort to the county court until every method of persuasion has failed to prevail on them to pay what they owe. I also deny that they travel with clothing for men. The time that they call at workmen's houses is from ten to four. This is just the time the husband is at work, so how could they measure him for any clothes? Why, every word speaks volumes in itself.—I am, yours, etc.,

G. RYAN, a Working-man.

18, Haworth Street, Waterloo Road.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

THE Prince's Theatre is given up to Shakspere just now, "Hamlet" being the only play which has hitherto been presented to our notice. This tragedy is always popular in Manchester, and on this occasion, as far as scenery and accessories go, no one has any cause to complain. It will be urged, however, that scenery and accessories, however pretty and appropriate, do not go very far in Shaksprian representation, and that something more is required before the critical taste at least can be satisfied. There is something in this, and we turn to the programme. There we find, first, Mr. Barry Sullivan in the principal character. Of this gentleman we have to say that he has improved somewhat since we last heard him. His acting is more subdued than it used to be, and several of the absurd innovations which it was this actor's pleasure to thrust upon Shakspere have been, if not reformed altogether, considerably modified. By this process the greater part of what there was above the common place in Mr. Sullivan's performance has been eliminated, and as a result the actor comes before us as a good medium artist evincing a considerable share of intelligence, and some appreciation of the picturesque, and possessing a clear elocution. The distinct and intelligible intonation of lines, words, and syllables is a rare gift, and a recommendation to any actor; and it is our deliberate opinion, formed from experience and observation, that the title of a great or "world-renowned" actor is within the attainment of almost any gentleman who, not being physically deformed, shall succeed in giving clear and intelligible readings of Shakspere's text upon the stage. We know of no actor who fulfils these conditions better than Mr. Barry Sullivan. It is true that he occasionally gives himself up to the practice of singing rather than recitation, but this is a minor fault, as the words of the Immortal Bard are always audible. For reasons given above, we must say that we prefer Mr. Sullivan's acting in Shaksprian characters to his other dramatic performances. Shakspere gives him good material to work upon, which—unlike some workmen who could be mentioned—he does not mangle. We have already, however, given too much space to Mr. Sullivan. The rest of the characters in the play are, with one exception, indifferently rendered. The accustomed low comedy of Polonius, which was wont to make the house shriek in a way unintended of Shakspere, is replaced by maunding imbecility under the treatment of Mr. T. F. Doyle. A good Polonius is a rarity, but the impersonation of Mr. Doyle is exceptionally weak, and uninteresting from any point of view. The Ghost of Mr. Alfred Nelson struck us as being exceedingly good and painstaking, especially in the modulations of the voice, which gave an appropriately unearthly effect. The omission on this occasion of the brilliant lights, whereby the absurdity of a ghost with a palpable shadow is abrogated, is much to be commended. Miss Rose Leclercq, though striving to do her best, and succeeding in looking graceful and

ladylike, was not at home in the character of Ophelia. One general remark may be made, which is that to all appearances Mr. Sullivan does not lay much stress upon rehearsals; were he to do so, his ears and those of the audience would not be shocked by such slips, for instance, as "Kappa pie" instead of "*Cap-a-pie*," and by several other solecisms, which by a little drilling might have been avoided.

The Queen's continues to produce popular pieces in a creditable and satisfactory manner. A word here is due to the memory of Mr. W. G. Herwyn, whose name has often received kindly mention in these columns. It can be said of him with exact truth that we "could have better spared a better man." He was a conscientious, painstaking, and intelligent actor, always doing his best whether his audience were large or scanty. Versatile, obliging, and full of work, he was withal singularly unobtrusive; and his frequent appearances in all sorts of parts, many of them beyond his powers, was due rather to the force of outward circumstances than to any conceit in the man. The announcement of his death appeared almost in the same column with an advertisement giving his name as a player at the Queen's on that very evening, and it was when suffering from illness and in the act of preparing to face east wind and hard work that he died.

HOLY FAIR AT ECCLES.

TAKing advantage of a recent very commendable Act of Parliament, the local authorities of Eccles petitioned the Home Secretary to abolish the wakes—the most unmitigated nuisance to which Eccles was ever subjected—and we are glad to say Mr. Cross promptly issued the warrant to consign the ancient carnival of vice to total abolition. It was well and promptly done, and we have the greatest faith that even the few who opposed the change will very early acknowledge the improvement forced upon them against their will. We would like to point to another sort of carnival, which was held at Eccles on Monday last. The Bishop of Manchester held a confirmation, the candidates numbering, as he said, 340. The *City Jackdaw* hopes no one will imagine it capable of saying one word which would cause pain to any who believe in the necessity or usefulness of this ceremony, or that it could be guilty of causing one of these little ones to offend, who present themselves before the Bishop to take the vows of Baptism on themselves; but in the interest of decency and order, we must protest on the unseemly way in which this ceremony is gone through, and of the spectacularism which seems always to be a concomitant. It will probably be hardly fair to the Church to take the Eccles confirmation as a specimen of solemn demeanour of the crowd who usually witness and assist at the ceremony. That village has never been famous for good manners, it has always been fond of a vulgar show; and now that the wakes are removed, the villagers may have been more than usually elated with the only fair left to them. The Bishop, we daresay, had he known the people better, would have taken care to provide against the probabilities of their rudeness. He, or any sensible man, would have contrived to have the meeting in the morning, not at half-past seven; and he might have considered half-past nine as not the properest hour for children to leave church in their new muslins.

It takes a good deal to make our respected and genial Bishop say anything harsh, but to their shame be it recorded that four times had his lordship to call on the crowd at the church to be quiet before he could proceed with his address, and only when he suggested turning noisy people out did he reduce them to silence. However, the Bishop never loses his head; so he proceeded to say there were 340 to be confirmed, and he knew the usual rate was 100 in fifteen minutes, so 340 would take fifty minutes—good calculation—the exact figure is fifty-one minutes, therefore our faith in episcopacy increases. We do not intend to report the Bishop's address, in which we need not say volubility was more conspicuous than brilliancy of ideas, and that a little more condensation would have done no harm. We must mention one thing. When giving very good advice to the young people he finished by advising them to go home from

church, speaking to no one, but pondering the act of the day. Good, my lord Bishop—if you would only show the poor children how to pass through a crowd like Knot Mill fair, in solemn contemplation on the vows of the day. Try it yourself, my lord, the little girls might say, and see how you would succeed. You would have a better chance, for you would not have this new dress to look after—and yet you could not do it.

Why is this carnival continued in the Church? If it is meant to be a solemn ceremony, those who wish well to the Church ought to take reasonable steps to reform it. Let the confirmations be much more frequent, so as to rob it of its spectacularism; let the meetings be held in the morning; and, if you can, abolish the peculiar millinery. This might tend to restore the religious idea, and to banish vulgarity attendant on it. If Churchmen will continue such scenes, let us hope some English Burns may be granted them, and that he may lash out of existence with his keen wit this English Holy Fair, as the noble ploughman did the Scotch.

NOTES IN THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

THE words "temporary possession," as read by the Free Libraries Committee, mean apparently the power to take the roof off a building, substitute therefor a skylight, close all the windows, and knock down all the partition walls. With these revelations with respect to the intentions of the Free Libraries Committee, who have got a "temporary" lease of the old Town Hall for the showing of certain books, it seemed to dawn upon certain members of the Council that this was a proceeding which is familiarly known as "getting in the thin end of the wedge." It would, in fact, be difficult to unearth a set of people who had once got such a strong hold as this. The debate ended in smoke, however, as the proceedings of the committee were confirmed, whatever that may mean in this particular instance. Mr. Curtis's motion, or rather amendment, was to the effect that "no unnecessary expense should be incurred," etc.; but the real feeling displayed illustrated a palpable difference which has arisen between the committee and the general body. Mr. Fox Turner emphasised this in a curt and hysterical oration, without a joke in it from beginning to end, in which he violently attacked Alderman Curtis for being distrustful of the loyalty of the committee. This concluded, it seemed to suit Mr. Turner's humour to prowl about the chamber in an uneasy and fidgety manner, stopping to whisper here and there, during the continuance of a somewhat dull and disjointed conversation, contributions to which were furnished by Aldermen Bennett, Baker, and others. As the Council did not arrive at any practical decision, the whole discussion may be set down as waste of time; and the singular transmogrification proposed of a building which is labelled "for temporary use only" will, as far as we can understand the matter, be allowed accomplishment. When the talk was just beginning—we think when Mr. Stewart was on his legs—the sepulchral monosyllable "Short" floated up to the gallery from the place where the Mayor is confidently supposed by the reporters to sit. It is understood that his worship wished to impress on the Council the desirability of keeping this debate within bounds, as there was other matter on hand. The other matter was the proposed extension of the Oxford Road thoroughfare as far as Albert Square—a suggestion which has the *Jackdaw's* hearty sympathy, but which was scouted by a municipal body which rejoices in being very economical by fits and starts. The scheme is an expensive one doubtless, and on that ground it was rejected; but the rejection came ungraciously in the chamber of a new Town Hall, on which, we are afraid to say how many, thousands of pounds have been spent, principally for the personal glorification of mayor, aldermen, and councillors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us. *A Lost Chance.*—Much obliged; but the subject has now lost whatever interest it had. *Lays of Modern Safford.*—Rather late in the day, unless something fresh should turn up. *Anti-Income Tax.*—In order to avoid it, give all your possessions to the poor, and adopt literature as a profession, when your income will immediately fall short of the standard.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

VII.

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